SOME UNHAPPY MARRIAGES

Mrs. Frank Leslie Makes an Apt Application of Æsop's Familiar Fable-The Tortures of a Mesalliance.



which one notices and quietly studies, although their record may not get into the newspapers or begenerally understood in society.

The story of the boy and the fox is has been so often repeated because it is so very true, and nobody has discovered a better way of clothing a truth which everybody sooner or later feels the need of expressing. But I think everybody will concede that hiding the fox rather increases than lessens the sharpness of his gnawing, and that the smiles with which the sufferer folds the rich robe above the hidden enemy are more the grimace of anguish than the expression of mirth and ease.

And I suppose there is no gnawing serrow and mortification which women are more prone to try to keep concealed and to cover with lying smiles and pretenses than an unhappy marriage. There is something so hundlisting to a woman in the confession that she has given all and received nothing; that she has complacently delivered herself over, bound hand and foot, to a master facapable of appreciating the value of his slave; that she has bartered her womanhood for a handful of fairy gold, changing with the first calm ray of daylight to dried leaves and crumbling twigs. There are various kinds of these unfortunate and humiliating marriages, but none perhaps harder to endure for highly organized and self respecting women than the marriage of the china vase and the brazen pot, which, as you will remember, Æsop tells us undertook to float down the stream in company.

Again I must confess the fable is so well known that you may call it trite, and yet so very, very true to life that we cannot afford to forget it. Do we not constantly see it illustrated all about us? Have we perchance had some experience ship in a limited degree is possible in other relations of life than marriage, but with this difference-that in almost any other relation escape is possible; friendships and intimacies may be quietly dropped; the daughter or sister who cannot live with her father or brother may find another home and no one ask why, but the wife or the husband is bound by self chosen ties not to be rent without public scandal and severe humil-

You may say, if the companionship is self chosen, only self is to blame for its incompatibility. Why did the china vase consent to the proposed voyage? Why did it not foresce the disastrous termination of such an undertaking? "Any fool might know that at the first commotion the brass vessel must shatter the china one, and fools must suffer for their folly without expecting sympathy. So says the world and shrugs its shoulders, well satisfied with its own shrewd common sense, as it calls it. But then the world is itself the brazen vase, and

its dictim is exactly what might be ex-Of course there is some truth in what

it says. I notice that disagreeable things generally do have some truth about The chims vase ought certainly to have been wiser, but there are excuses to be made for her. In the first place, everybody is prone to estimate the world from the point of their own identity. It is not possible for a china wase to evolve the idea of a bronze pot from its own inner consciousness; it must learn it from experience-a bitter

And another very valid excuse for the poor bit of china is that brase does not always show its hard and cruel nature, It may be as the brass of Benares, curiously wrought and ornamented; it may be inlaid with all sorts of precious metals and stones; it may be hammered and flingreed and molded into most attractive shapes and descritions; it may be polished so completely that one in lookcom's own face and form and exclaims: Oh, here I have found my very counterpart! Now I am sure of sympathy and comprehension." Yes, bruss is a very deceptive metal, not being indeed a true metal at all, but only "a factitious compound of copper and sinc, and no wonder poor, simple china vases are deesized-self deceived, if you will, but nevertheless immoved misled into a great mistake.

I suppose there is semething to be said on the side of the brazen put also. It who pulges from its own standpoint, and connec perhaps really know or over learn the gonnine fragility and hebility to destruction of its china companion.

It is acknowledged that a man, to be. a worthy specimen of his sex, most have a good deal of the feminine nature latout bemark his stronger attributes, and some men fail in this requisite altogether, while some others have the wrong kind of feminine qualities, which are worse than none and only make the branchers branen. These men add to the hardness and obtrosmess and completess. of the masculine nature the vanity and love of same and exactingness which tarnish the soul of many a woman, while they show not a trace of these sympathethe and self danying attributes which make other women the light and joy of

\* worthy man's existence. God pity the wife of such a man-and

scoff should she be so ill advised as to ask for its sympathy.

To be sure, as a whole, the world cannot comprehend her sufferings and aches to perplexity. "Of what do you complain? He does

not beat you or starve you, does her

"No no indeed." "He is not openly unfaithful?" "Not that I know of "

"Well, what is the matter? What does he do or leave undone for you to com-

But the china wase remains silent. The very essence of being china is to be delicate, and delicacy is very silent in the presence of the world. It is so hard edged and ruined for all beauty and self to put things into words that he who respect. runs may read, although they may be more real than most of the things to be found in print. There is nothing harder to fight than noncomprehension and nothing that entails more perplexed suffering. One has seen a sensitive child utterly misunderstood by those who had it in charge-perhaps its attendant, perhaps its parents-and the took of bewilderment and pain and questioning that comes over the ingennous face, not yet capable of concealment, is exactly what comes over the heart and mind of the china vase when she first discovers that she has set upon the voyage of life in company with a brazen pot. And as a general thing the woman is as incapable as the child of putting into words just where the pain, and the

I remember once trying to explain some mental disquietude to a man whose intellect and eloquence had capvery trite, but like most trite things it tivated my ear and given me an idea that he must necessarily understand everything. He listened for awhile to my efforts to put almost unutterable things into words, and finally replied with a jovial laugh:

amazement, and the disappointment

"The trouble is with you as with most women. You fancy yourself unique, whereas you are only one of a wonderfully uniform species. All women have these fads and funcies, and they are all pretty much alike. Just give up the idea that there is anything peculiar to yourself in all these notions and realize that nearly every woman of your acquaintance cherishes the same. Then go to work at something. There is nothing like sewing-common plain sewing -to bring a fanciful woman like you to her sober senses; or, if you like better, go and visit the poor and play Lady Bountiful; that is what occupies the time and mind of a great many of our better class of women."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that this gentleman was English-very English-and also that he was a first class specimen of a brazen pot. Very fortunately I had never thought of floating down the stream in his company, and to our mutual content we soon drifted out of sight of each other.

Another gentleman, and a right down good man he was upon the lines of his own little circuit, always said to me in reply to any little flight of fancy or theorizing or in fact anything except pure commonplace:

"What a funny woman you are! I never knew such a funny woman in my

On one occasion, when I was confiding that indorses it? For this companion- to this gentleman, as I might have done to my little dog, some of those feelings of mild discontent and aspiration for a wider and nobler life which torment most women from time to time, he replied as one would to a fretful child:

"Come, come; you are unreasonable. You have all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. You are dead sure that you never can need for food or clothes or shelter so long as you live, and the rest is all nonsense, you know."

Well, this gentleman was a sort of brazen pot-not one of the quiet, massive things that in men we call brutal, but just a little Benares cup, or let us say saltcellar, as he so abounded in Attic wisdom, but the thinnest and prettiest bit of brass, if constantly knocked up against the edges of a china cup, will fret and chip and spoil it if it does not absolutely crush it.

And which is the worst after all, tell me, oh, china curs? The two or three blows that absolutely destroy and efface. or the little jarrings and scratches and nicks and nips that deface a piece of china and cover a weman's face with wrinkles and worry lines before its time?

For my part I incline to think the latter torment the more unendurable. One of the tortures of the Inquisition was to shave the top of a man's head and then place him under a tank of water which fell one slow drop after another upon the defenseless scalp. It is said that prisoners who laughed at the rack and secred at the flames succumbed under this terture, the effect of which was to so irritate the whole nervous system that it thrilled with agonies not to be produced by violence.

Just like this is the agony many a sensitive and high strung woman endures by enforced companionship with a man whose almost every word and action is front edge and around the bottom of an offense and an annovance to ber; the case. This done it is ready to be who never understands that he is hurting her feelings until he is told so, and then cannot in the very least understand how he did so; a man who looks at everything from a coarse and material point of view; who interrupts her most heartfelt utterance with a poor joke, which at once silences and disgusts her; who, on the other hand, if she tries to be cheerful and tell some little story or make some little jest, onto it short with a yawn and "By Jove! Only 10 o'clock! What an endless evening!"

Possibly this china cup of a woman may be unreasonable most women are in some direction or another and the seen of their own caliber understand tids and make allowance for it and est around it without combatton it direc-

But the brazen, pot man sever makes allowances for anytexty but himself. He fells his wife with brutal franknow that her ideas and projudices are those of a fool, that sim don't know what she's falking about; that an ideat would know better than to say said florings; that he can't stand hetening to each shaff and is going out to spend the evening at the cinh; or -which is perhaps were he argues the matter in hand with a loud visin, permaptory denumber for answers by questions like these of a lawyer cross examining a witness who is frying to perjure binnelly and finally, with a coarsely contemptsous langue, shouts:

Theret I thought roud wind your For I during a part of the street of the see you haven't at log to stand on. What blints von women are anchow?"

Perhaps again the bracen pot man is a need look for no other pity, for the simply crarse and careiese and slovenly man to whom she is tird knows not what and contemptuous of the refinements

WED BUT NOT GAY pity means, and the world will only that make the daily atmosphere of his wife's existence. He is not careful of his person or his dress; he puts his hat on and lights his eigar in her bedroom, or he kicks off his boots in her boudoir and only laughs lazily when requested

not to do so again.

L: fact, the varieties of the brazen pot are infinite and infinitely painful to encounter. But one thing is invariable and inevitable-if the china vase undertakes to float down stream beside any one of these brazen forms, the end is sure; either a few coarse, heavy blows shatter and sink her, or an infinity of little miserable jars and fractures leave her marred and splintered and rough

PARIS FASHIONS.

Fearful and Wonderful Gowns for the

American Trade. Sometimes one wonders who wears the fearful and awful gowns and bonnets that are pictured in the fashion journals and that one really does see in reality in the magasins in Paris, and if one hanpens to wonder aloud the polite attend-

"Oh, those are for the American trade!" And yet very nearly all the American ladies that I see dress in the most re-

> in writing these few fashion notes. I take only such as I would like to see every lady choose, But rich and elegant as are the fabrics of this season the coloring is so subdued in general that it is a positive relief to the eve when some red dress, with hat to match. And red cloaks are also seen. The cloaks are of a deep color, with ing wife. a shading of terra cotta. Magenta is revived and is a beauti-

fined taste, and so

ful shade of red. PROMENADE COSTUME It is the only red OF TOILE DU NORD. that really goes ten pounds week-save"with gray, and it lights up a gray costume most wonderfully.

Nearly all the rest of the season's tints are of the fading leaf-artistic, but a trifle depressing.

Sleeves are enormous, some of them veritable balloons, but ladies of good taste have them somewhat modified with puffs and tight forearm pieces.

A very handsome fall toilet has the body of the dress in pale green toile du Nord shaded with pale heliotrope. The shattered.-Detroit Tribune. skirt opens over a narrow panel of leaf brown velvet, and the upper part of the corsage and puffs to the sleeves are of the same. The bonnet is of the same velvet, with gold colored plumes and anthers.

Russian velvet is very much in favor, particularly that with changeable effects, but it is so sumptuous a material that it needs to be made severely plain, with no ornamentation except wide lapels and two or four extremely large buttons.

Postilion basques, short in front and quite long, but narrow in the back, are seen on several handsome fall promenade costumes, but the most of the waists are round and belted.

A Novel Letter Case, It is made out of a light straw hat,

which has a rounding crown and a medium sized brim. Bend the brim away from the crown and fold the bat together, pressing it so that it will be nearly flat. This, turned

LETTER CASE, UNcrown down-TRIMMED. ward, is the foun-

dation for the letter case, and must be wired along the edge so that the wavy lines made by the bent brim will be preserved. It will look like the first cut when ready to be trimmed. Now line the inside with pale blue china



ing it loosely at the back so as to give it a higher appearance than the front. A row of blue fringe is placed along the

TRIMMED. tacked on the wall for use,

GENERAL MOURNING.

Until It Was Discovered Who the Great Sadamira Was.

The Hindoo, if not inventive, is a capital imitator, and not without a wit as refined as anything to be found among English speaking people, as is plain from a story related by the Rev. J. Ewen. Many years ago, when the Mogul empercent reigned in the imperial city of Delbi, a policeman, walking along one of the streets, met a potter in mourning. "Oh, potter, for whom de you mouru?" he asked.

"Sadamiva," was the reply, "Dear, deart Is Sadamiya dead?" cried the policeman, and he burried off to the corner where the burbers sat plying their

"Shave my head and beard," said be. I am going into morning for Sada-1/275 A Shortly afterward duty took the policeman to the kotwal chief of police and at once the lotwal asked for whom he

was monening. "For Sadamiya, that illustrious per-

"Ah, dear mel Is he dead?" emlaimed the kotwai. "Well, well, all die in turn! Call the burber." Presently the known! had occasion to visit the visier, who was surprised to see

him in mourning, the more so as he did not know that any of his family were ill. "Who is dead?" he imprired. "Alast your honor, the illustrious, high numbed and durated Sadamiya

has been called away." "Oh!" exclaimed the visier, "I am

sorry to hear you say so. What a loss!

Will you please call the barber?" The barber came, and the vigier went into mourning. Duty took him into the presence of the emperor, who was startled at his channed appearance.

"Who is dead?" he asked. "Your highness, I grieve to inform you, but that sublime custodian of goodness, of honor and of learning, Sadamiya,

has been taken. "Call the burber," said the emperor to his attendants, and soon he was mourning with shaven head. When he appeared before the empress she inquired,

Who is dead?" Alas! that I should have to say it!

"But who is Sadamiya?" she asked, for even in India women are endowed with

Sadamiya is dead."

"Sadamiya! Sadamiya! I never thought of asking, but the vizier knows. I shall ask him."

The vizier was summoned and the emperor demanded, "Who is this Sadamiya we are all in mourning for?" "Really, your highness, I never

thought of asking, but the kotwal knows. I shall ask him." But the ketwal could not tell. No

more could the policeman, but he would ask the potter. "Who is this Sadamiya we are all in mourning for?" the policeman inquired

of the potter. "You-you-do-not-mean-to-say -vou-are-mourning-for Sadamiya?" he stammered.

the vizier, and the emperor." "Dear, dear! Whatever will become of me?" cried the potter. "In mourning for Sadamiya! Why-Sadamiya is my -donkey!"-Youth's Companion.

"Yes, I am, and so is the kotwal, and

Household Economy.

The clocks tolled the hour of midnight as he awoke. The perfume of many flowers, borne upon the soft, warm air, pervaded the room, but his nostrils perceived it not. The royal moon bathed the world in a subdued glory, but his young girl flut- eyes were blind to it. Crickets chirped a ters by in a bright comfortable and drowsy song, but his ears were scaled against their melody. His hair, which was iron gray, was

> standing on end. His whole being was intent upon the words that fell from the lips of his sleep-

> "Oleomargarine," murmured the slumbering woman, "seven cents pound-butter twenty-eight-save"-The man raised himself upon his el-

> bow and held his breath. --- "twenty-one cents-every pound-His face was growing livid.

-"two dollars and ten cents-ten weeks-save"-The veins swelled like cords upon his

forehead. -"twenty-one dollars - hat cost twenty dollars-one dollar left." With a moan he sank into a recum-

Thenceforth he wandered through the world as one whose idol had been

What's in a Name?

"My name," said the distinguished lecturer, Professor Nudell, to the forgetful citizen who was shout to introduce him, "is pronounced with the emphasis on the first syllable."

"Exactly," said the citizen in a back handed whisper; "ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honor of introducing the distinguished orator of the evening, whose name must already be familiar to you. Professor Noodle, who

will now address you." And the grator of the evening stood before them dumb with rage.-Detroit

Materials of a Story. CHAPTER L. Gladys Hysonanus was a beautiful

blond, beloved by Frederic Whaple and Jack Smith. CHAPTER II. Frederic sent Gladys an invitation to

the theater for Friday evening. CHAPTER III. So did Jack. CHAPTER IV.

Gladys inadvertently accepted both. CHAPTER V. A tragedy impeded. But Gladys-CHAPTER VI.

Was a smart girl. At the eleventh hour she sent both word that she was very sick. Then she went Saturday night with Jack and Monday night with Fred.—Chicago News-Record.

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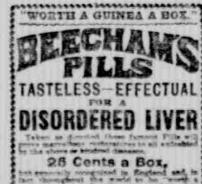
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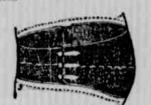
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Prof. Hale, Chicago University, writes to the Chicago Ferrid Sept. 18, 1992.

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Lieut, G. A. Scott, Revenue Cutter Hamlin, writes to the Correspondence Department of the New York Sunday World:
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